

CAST OUT, But Not Forsaken

BY BERNARD BLOSSY.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Miss Bolderstone was supremely uncomfortable. Intensely truthful herself, she writhed in the spirit of being made a party to any equivocation, and the lawyer's speech was, to say the least of it, not exactly candid.

Kate took time to reply. With the acute perception of love, she saw that some unexplained trouble threatened Arthur Dunbar.

"Mr. Dunbar gave me an address in London," she said, blushing very prettily at the confession, "but I was not to use it except under extreme circumstances. If you have anything particular to communicate, Mr. Colburn, I should be happy to forward a letter, or—"

"You will oblige me, Kate, by dropping this mysterious air and answering Mr. Colburn's question—where is Mr. Dunbar?" Miss Bolderstone demanded, severely.

"I am sorry to disoblige you, Miss Bolderstone, but I cannot give you the address."

"I guess the old fellow knows a little English, and my small acquaintance with the Cingalese will carry us through. Sling your gun over your arm, Mr. Dunbar, and let us start."

It was not difficult for them to find the hut of the korale, or headman. In the midst of the thick foliage it looked like a huge wart on the rich vegetation. Coffee, banana, cotton and papaya shrubs grew in wild profusion around it, though it had, literally speaking, no garden.

Passing through the crazy doorway, they found an elderly, dried-up man nearly asleep on a hammock made of coco filters, a dirty, foul-smelling old rascal with small, bead-like eyes which glittered with cunning like a serpent's. Nevertheless he was a great man in his community, reaping where he had sown, and paying like a vampire on the poverty-stricken people by whom he was surrounded. Berks tracked him wherever he went; one held a talipot leaf over him in his walks; another carried his stick of office, and a third beat the mosquitoes with a switch. As present he was unattended, save by a half-naked peon who fanned him with a punkah.

He was clad in barbaric pomp, yet looked in fith, and covered with intricate patterns in a brilliant-colored kumkum hat, a flowing robe and loose jacket and the usual maulin scarf. As the strangers entered, the korale sprang from his hammock, with an agility beyond his years, and began to salaam in the most approved Cingalese style; but Campion, who had made his acquaintance in his trading trips up the Ganga, in a few stern words put a stop to his cowering ceremony.

Could they have fruit, dried meats and bread? Of course they could, for not all in the village at the disposal of the white lords, on whom might the light of Buddha rest!

When the commissariat question had been happily settled, and orders had been given to the villagers to carry provisions to the sampan, excellent cheeroots were lighted, and Campion began to pump information from the korale concerning the party who had conveyed Sir Harry Grahame up the river.

"Yes, sir," Kate responded with demure gravity. "He sailed for India three weeks ago."

"This much I will tell you," Kate continued, hushed by the school-mistress' harshness, "that Mr. Dunbar, when he sailed for the east—"

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with envious eyes at their humbler companions, happy in the sweet oblivion of dreamless rest.

"My Jove, Campion," said the younger of the two, "what an accursed climate! After the delicious coolness of last evening, this reeking heat is doubly stifling. It is like stepping from Paradise into Hades."

"And what do you think it will be when we get further away from the sea shore and the nights will be more sultry than the days, Mr. Dunbar?" the elder replied, lighting a cigarette with provoking nonchalance.

"I must bear it, I suppose."

"If you can, but you have seen nothing of the roughness of the trip yet. In twenty miles more we shall be in the wilderness, and then look out for squalls."

"You are a Job's comforter, certainly," Dunbar replied. "But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. By the bye, we cannot be far away from the village where we were to lay in our supplies, and get our last chance of information from the headman."

"It lies just beyond the bend of the river, not two miles away," was the reply. "Were you thinking of going to see the headman while these poor beggars take their siesta?"

"I confess I was," Dunbar said. "If you thought you had sufficient knowledge of the language to conduct the business, I guess there are shade trees all the way, and sitting broiling in this stifling atmosphere is simply maddening."

"Oh, I guess the old fellow knows a little English, and my small acquaintance with the Cingalese will carry us through. Sling your gun over your arm, Mr. Dunbar, and let us start."

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we can," Arthur said, with determination.

"You allude to George Archer and his accomplices, but you forget that they are under the protection of the swamp-dwellers, who are, I expect, too powerful neighbors for the Veddas to expel."

"If you are afraid," Dunbar said, testily, "say so, man, and turn back. As for me, I shall reach Sir Harry Grahame, or die in the effort."

"And I shall stick with you to the last, sir. When Francis Campion signs articles, he means to hold to them as long as he can."

"And you shall not regret your courage and honesty," Dunbar said, warmly.

When they reached the cluster of trees under whose shade they had left their sampan, they found a crowd of natives, who had brought every conceivable kind of meat and fresh fruit for their selection, some even the charms to ward off devils and evil spirits which they urgently pressed them to purchase. But a sampan, light and buoyant as it is, is only a boat after all, and its gunwale was soon weighed down dangerously near the water, so the order was given to loosen the painter and cast off into the stream, notwithstanding the babel of chattering villagers whose wails had been brought in ruin. Already the broad backs of the Malays had bent to their work, the village dogs were heard, and they saw the korale's fat body, wrabbling to and fro like a Dutch lugger in a storm, as he came on a run, with one peon holding a huge talipot over his head, and another pushing him along in a not very dignified manner.

"Hold him," Dunbar cried, and the men, obeying his gesture, rather than his voice, once more swung the nose of the boat into the bank.

When the paunchy official could sufficiently recover breath to speak, he announced that he had the most important tidings for the Europeans, which he would communicate for a consideration. So consequently Campion sprang ashore and retired with him to a cluster of trees. A few whispered words seemed to satisfy the Frenchman, for he noticed that his face grew very grave as the conference proceeded.

"The old reprobate," he said, as he took his place in the boat and gave orders to the men to cast off, "has added a little piece of intelligence which it was lucky we waited for, for forewarned is forearmed, and we've got to look out for squalls."

"Ah, what now?"

"Why, you see, it appears that yesterday a European peon, up the river in a light sampan propelled by two strong paddlers. He stopped at the village just long enough to get provisions and promise the korale twenty rupees on his return if he would delay the passage of any other of his countrymen who might make the attempt to penetrate into the interior. He said distinctly that two men would do so, and described our appearance so minutely, that there is no doubt but that he alluded to us."

"Yet," Dunbar interposed, "that seems impossible for not a soul knew where we were going when we left London—not even Miss Grahame."

"Nevertheless, I believe the secret has leaked out, and that we shall reach the three weeks we lost at the cape and our month's delay at Colombo," Campion insisted.

"Well, we cannot reproach ourselves with that, for we were told that the river was impassable till the floods subsided," Dunbar said, a little reared, for the Frenchman's manner seemed to impugn his own.

"Granted; it may be a misfortune and not a fault, but if some enemy is taking the wind out of our sails we must be on the alert."

"We must catch up with him at any cost," Dunbar cried, excitedly.

"As well as expect us to ascertain that light-headed quack who carries little or nothing with him."

"He must have provisions like we have," Arthur agreed.

"Yet he bought but little at the village yesterday, Mr. Dunbar. No, you may depend upon it that there is some hidden place of supply in the wilderness provided for just such an emergency. If it were not so he dared not make the journey. Think of it! Nearly two hundred miles of jungle and forests so interwoven with brush and prickly plants that you could not get two miles from the bank in a day's march. And yet he made the journey with only a half-way place of supply, perhaps upon a creek, where none would suspect it. Say, sir, are you man enough to risk the danger of flinging overboard half our supplies, and take your spell at a paddle for six hours out of the twenty-four? Don't answer in a hurry—think of it a bit—it means going on half rations and straining yourself pretty severely, facing perhaps death and very surely sickness, for the fever is pretty certain to get hold of you if you over-exert yourself."

"All this I will gladly do," Arthur said, resolutely; "but how about these poor Malays? It is hardly fair to ask them to share dangers they never contracted to endure."

"Give them double pay, sir, and they would face the devil himself for there is nothing a Cingalese will not do for money."

"Then so be it only make them quite understand the command."

So Campion turned to the brave fellows that they wanted of them, adding, too, on his own account that Dunbar was a great American prince, whose generosity knew no bounds, and who would reward them when they reached Colombo in a manner beyond their wildest expectations, and indeed he was not very far exceeding his instructions as the sequel will prove. But the most intelligent of the Malays objected to the immediate abandonment of the provisions, insisting that they should carry them for fifty miles into the interior, where they could hide them in the trunk of some rotten tree, as for that distance the stream was very slow, and in case of need they might be reached. This reasonable amendment was adopted, and a little later the two Europeans took their places at the paddles, toiling manfully during the long hours of the night, and managing matters so that the boat was in motion for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE CLEVELAND BUCCANEERS.

With time and with drumming, With laughter and with cheer, O, say you heard me say, The Cleveland Buccaneers! See the ranks of the cranks, As they rise upon their raid, And the leaders of our banners, As "Pounder and Free Trade!"

What do we care for pledges, Or principles to boot? No such poor, paltry bodge Can keep us from the loot. Enough of guff, we want the stuff! Economy go hang! We'll burst the treasury doors in, With our terrible rath and bang.

O, hear the greenbacks rustle, See the big white dollars shoot! Come on, boys, hustle, hustle! And burn for the great combat! Take your fill at the till, As the rathmen lust it!

Why, the bills will all be paid; And what fun it is to forage For Pounder and Free Trade!

Roll, roll, roll up the millions! Oh, on, on for the till! What ho! the clanks of the billions! If only Free Trade's thrown in! We'll fairly float the Puritan stout (Coughing.)

For Cleveland, Free Trade and Pounder, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

—N. Y. Sun.

DEMOCRATIC RETRENCHMENT.

Instances of Cheapskaping of the Party of "Reform."

Following the passage of the colossal fifty million river and harbor bill the democratic house brought forward the sundry civil service appropriation bill, and as if to make compensation for the former appropriation, which is twice as large as any ever passed by congress before, began cheapskaping the latter.

Mr. Cogswell, Connecticut, in his vigorous speech exposed not only the partisan sham and humbug of this alleged economy, to be used for campaign purposes, but the serious detriment these demagogues have inflicted upon the service of the government and the vital interests of the people at large.

It is claimed by the committee democratic majority that it has saved \$18,000,000 in this appropriation. Gen. Cogswell shows that there is a difference of \$7,700,000 in the appropriation for government buildings, already ordered, which is merely a postponement of necessary expenditures, if the buildings are to be finished. For the improvement of certain harbors \$1,137,000 less is called for, but this is not democratic saving.

The government engineers report they need that much less. In the construction of the congressional library building the committee enters up a saving of \$553,000. Gen. Cogswell shows it was done by a trick. While they appropriate \$450,000 the engineers in charge are authorized to obligate the government to the tune of \$1,035,000. So nothing has been saved. The committee has struck at the safety of those who go down to the sea in ships by cutting down the estimates of the lighthouse board from \$917,000 to \$82,000. It not only has pointed out that the board must make more perilous for want of lighthouses pointing out dangerous reefs and shoals, but it has wickedly and inhumanly cut off the last hope of vessels in distress by refusing to make any appropriation for lifesaving stations. With criminal recklessness and indifference it has still further endangered navigation by cutting off \$75,000 from the coast survey appropriation. It has reduced the expenditure necessary to preserve the public buildings nearly one-half. Is this economy? It has so far cut down the appropriation for light that the public business will have to be conducted in semi-darkness unless the employees pay for the gas out of their own wages. It has almost wiped the fish bureau out of existence and thereby struck a deadly blow at the cheap food of the people.

The moonshiners of the south and the rascals who evade the revenue will be grateful to the democratic cheapskapers for reducing the appropriation intended to aid in looking after them. It has crippled the land office and the Howard university, closed the schools in Alaska, encouraged crime in the territories and struck a deadly blow at the United States courts by a wholesale slashing at the appropriation for witnesses and jurors.

Such are the details of this sham economic economy which makes no provision for the future and cripples the present; which makes no saving of expenditure, but simply creates obligations which must be provided for in deficiency bills; which paralyzes the activity of the government and endangers the rights of the people, and which is practiced for the narrow, mean and contemptible policy of making partisan capital in a presidential campaign. And yet the main object of this party is to get the main thing, which is the half-way place of supply, perhaps upon a creek, where none would suspect it. Say, sir, are you man enough to risk the danger of flinging overboard half our supplies, and take your spell at a paddle for six hours out of the twenty-four? Don't answer in a hurry—think of it a bit—it means going on half rations and straining yourself pretty severely, facing perhaps death and very surely sickness, for the fever is pretty certain to get hold of you if you over-exert yourself."

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several years, but he is not known as a free trader, as a protectionist, a free silver man or an honest cologne man. He has voted against all republican measures, but has been remarkably careful not to originate any democratic policy, or even to endorse warmly any democratic policy of another's originating. He has acted as an obstructionist to republican policy rather than as a supporter of the democratic policy. In Randall's time he was considered to be somewhat of a Randall democrat.

Outside of Cleveland, Hill and Gorman there is no democrat with respectable pretensions to leadership. In Illinois there is a feeble pretense of devotion to Palmer, but Cleveland is the choice of the Illinois democracy. In Indiana a handful of place seekers have made themselves and their state ridiculous by prating about the claims of Isaac P. Gray, but the Indiana democrats are for Cleveland by an overwhelming majority. And so as to Boies, Carlisle and other favorite sons, they have their little crowds of adherents. But if any one of them is nominated it will be because of a certainty that the nomination of Cleveland, Hill or Gorman will be followed by a guerrilla war supported by the democratic party of one or both of the other two. It begins to look as if the democratic party will go into the campaign with a weak platform and a weaker candidate.

Cleveland is the only democrat who could stand consistently upon a boldly aggressive free-trade platform. And if the democratic platform is not aggressively free trade it may as well not be constructed. For the democrats to rescind from the position 1891 is to take steps that soon will quicken into a rushing "skedaddle" of the old-fashioned sort.

Briefly, by nominating Cleveland the democrats will achieve a defeat after a more or less vigorous fight. By nominating anyone else they will achieve defeat without the preliminary of a fight—Chicago Inter Ocean.